

## EDISON'S LATEST MARVEL

The Great Inventor Talks About the Kinetograph.

## LIKE A MEDIEVAL WIZARD

Two Inventions in One. The Phonograph so Combined as to Make One See and Hear the Grand Opera at Home. Wonder of Wonders.

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VISIT TO Thomas A. Edison is suggestive of a pilgrimage to the haunts of some medieval wizard. The Walpurgisnacht in Faust and the summit of the Brocken seem tame in comparison. The greatest inventor that ever lived has established himself in a dell hidden among vagrant mountains in New Jersey wilds. The neighborhood has no inhabitants with the exception of the two hundred odd men whom the Wizard employs in his incantations. The place is an old deserted mine, once known as Ogden, but the rockyby railroad with balky engines and wheezy, catarrhal cars that meander that way when the wind is not too strong, has christened it Edison. There are buildings all over Edison, large buildings that walk about the premises if you press a button. In fact, they rarely do anything at Edison without pressing a button. But one must know which buttons to press, for, although some take you to the opera there are others.

When you reach the place no one pays much attention to you. That is one of its dangerous fascinations.

"If you stay there another minute," said an unseen, nondescript object, very calmly, "you will be broken into small pieces and canned underground."

"But can't I see Mr. Edison?"

"I don't know. The old man's around somewhere. Go to that red building."

Easier said than done. For the big red building begins to move timidly away the moment you get near it, stops when you stop, advances when you advance, and is altogether a Will-o'-the-Wisp of architecture.

Finally it hove to and was boarded. It is an office, and they pressed a button, found out Mr. Edison's exact location, said he would be along pres-

tions in one. That is, two senses are simultaneously appealed to. Suppose, we will say, an opera is to be reproduced. The phonograph already repeats the sounds. The kinetoscope affords a view of the movements. Now, however, we wish to combine the two, and combine them far more effectively than ever their distinct elements have heretofore been rendered by separate instruments.

"Thus, if one wished to hear and see the concert or the opera, it would only be necessary to sit down at home, look upon a screen and see the performance, reproduced exactly in every movement, and at the same time the voices of the players and singers, the music of the orchestra, the various sounds that accompany a performance of this sort, will be reproduced exactly. The end attained is a perfect illusion. One really hears and sees the play, because the conditions precedent to the suitable impressions upon eye and ear are obtained."

Mr. Edison's hearing has improved very much in the past year, owing, perhaps, to his perfect physical condition. He spoke well and distinctly, and is never, apparently, as much impressed with the wonders he performs as are his workmen.

He was asked if ordinary sights and scenes, the pope in the Vatican, or a speech at a mass meeting, could be as effectively handled.

"Far more easily," he replied; "that is the least difficult part of the problem."



EDISON IN WORKING DRESS.

Even now the spectator could be treated to a perfect reproduction of Gladstone making a speech to the house of commons. This would be shown of life size and, so far as the spectator is con-

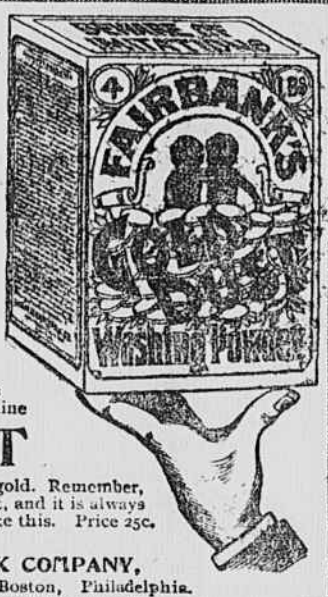
## Take a Good Look

at this and remember it. It shows exactly how a package of the genuine GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER looks. The wonderful merits of this sterling preparation and its great popularity among women who take pride in the cleanliness of their homes, have brought out many imitations that do not compare with the genuine

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remained unthought of. So the great discovery lingers on the threshold of its accomplishment. In fact, but it will not linger long. Electricity knows no lacy.

"Perhaps by to-morrow," said Mr. Edison, "we may perfect the machinery. Perhaps we shall have to work another year upon it. In truth, it is a very simple matter. It consists merely in adjusting thoroughly understood principles to a new contrivance made up of old contrivances. Were it not that we have such infinitely small sections of time to deal with, there would be no difficulty at all. But, as I have told you, we know how to overcome the difficulty. We simply lack practice."

"Does it make any difference of what nature the representation to be produced is?"

"At present, yes. In time, however, it will not. The reproduction of such sights and sounds as those enacted in the opening of congress would be very easy. The spectator could sit down in his drawing-room or office and have the whole scene enacted in front of him. Nor would any special apartment or any particular preparation be necessary. But, with grand opera, it would be more difficult. One must exercise great care in securing the ensemble. There are myriads of details connected with the tones, the gestures, the dress, the colors, the light, and such like. It is proposed to give these with scrupulous fidelity. Hence the temporary cessation of progress. Although we could give all these impressions with comparative exactness, it is intended to be perfectly faithful to the original. It never does to perpetrate a half performance. It is disappointing and apt to shake confidence in an invention. For myself, I have no doubt whatever of the outcome. Before many years we will have grand opera in every little village at ten cents a head. And the very highest grand opera—you will hear and see Patti in your own parlor. She will be heard a hundred years after her death, and seen, and will move and thrill her auditors in 3010. The president's inauguration can be treated in the same way. Pope Leo and his cardinals may be seen and heard for unnumbered centuries to come."

Mr. Edison's blue eyes lighted up with enthusiasm.

"What a way to write history," he repeated, echoing the words of his questioner. "Well, I had never thought of that particularly, and yet it is a way to write it, isn't it? How much more effectively one could convey to future generations an idea of the president than words and writing could. In fact, written records would cease to have their historical importance."

Another use for the invention, namely, the sentimental one, had not occurred to Mr. Edison either. Yet the machine ought to be welcomed by lovers—it insures the perpetual presence of the adored object. Has not the poet said:

"Could I but hear her voice,  
Could I but see her face,  
Way do the gods deny the gifts  
Poor mortals long for most?"

But Mr. Edison was not yet born in Camoen's time.

"Yet," went on the wizard, "these things are not as wonderful as they seem. It appears to me that the people generally are not keeping pace with scientific progress. What do you think of the idea of vaccinating land? That experiment, I see, has actually been made with success. The object of this process is to improve the quality of the soil. The law of diminishing returns, so long an important factor in political economy, is thus overcome. To explain the method employed so as to be comprehensible to the popular mind is not easy. You see, certain roots of plants which flourish in inferior soils have been ascertained to nourish a parasite. These parasites afford the plant through their organic functions strength and vitality. In return the parasites are fed and sustained by certain properties of the root. One supports the other and the two together have a decided effect upon the soil in which they grow. Now this process of nature has been successfully applied by science. What we may term an agricultural miasa is obtained and the impoverished soil into which it is introduced is almost at once bettered. The process is permanently fertilizing and cannot fail to effect, in time, a revolution in farming."

Here a button was pressed somewhere in the remote regions and Mr.

Edison hastened away. The "Plant," as he calls the weird agglomeration at Edison, is being enlarged from day to day. In about six weeks it will be completed and today has a very strange look. It contains the only stone breaker in the world of its extraordinary kind. It will reduce a mountain of ordinary size to dust in one day. There are telephones everywhere and phonographs for making memoranda connected with the desks. There are no houses, no candles or lanterns. Labor is reduced to a minimum. A day's toil consists largely in pressing a series of buttons. And they never think this extraordinarily in the queer place. Even the "prudent boys are very scientific. They release the giant forces of nature and hold them in check again. Edison is the Nimrod of this electrical game reserve, with his pack running and gambling all about him.

The Lawyer Correctly Guessed the Cost of the Contempt.

When Gen. Barnes first commenced practicing law in San Francisco—he was plain Mr. Barnes then—he was engaged in defending a suit involving a large amount of property. He had an uphill fight, for the law, the evidence and the judge were against him. He was making an aggressive fight, however, and for several days was compelled to submit to the taunts of the opposing counsel, the lying of witnesses and the rebukes of the judge. He grew tired of it and so did his client.

On the last day of the trial the attorney decided to brook such treatment no longer and fortified himself with a pocketful of his client's gold. The attorney for the plaintiff asked an interested witness a palpably unfair question and Barnes excepted. As he expected, the opposing counsel turned a torrent of abuse upon him and the court administered a stinging reproof. The general arose and with a blaze of eloquence denounced both judge and attorney as scoundrels and the witnesses as perjurers. The judge was taken so completely by surprise that the general had finished before he could collect his scattered faculties.

"Mr. Barnes, I adjudge you guilty of contempt of court," he roared when he finally found his voice, "and you will pay a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars."

"That is about the price I thought this court would fix upon its dignity and integrity, so I came prepared," he coolly remarked the general as he counted out the gold.—San Francisco Post.



## Her Right Arm Paralyzed!

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"Our daughter, Blanche, now 15 years of age, had been terribly afflicted with nervousness, and had lost the entire use of her right arm. We feared St. Vitus dance, and tried the best physicians with no benefit. She has taken 3 bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine and has gained 31 lbs. Her nervousness and symptoms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone; she attends school regularly; has recovered complete use of her arm, and her appetite is splendid."

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## Dr. Miles' Nervine Cures!

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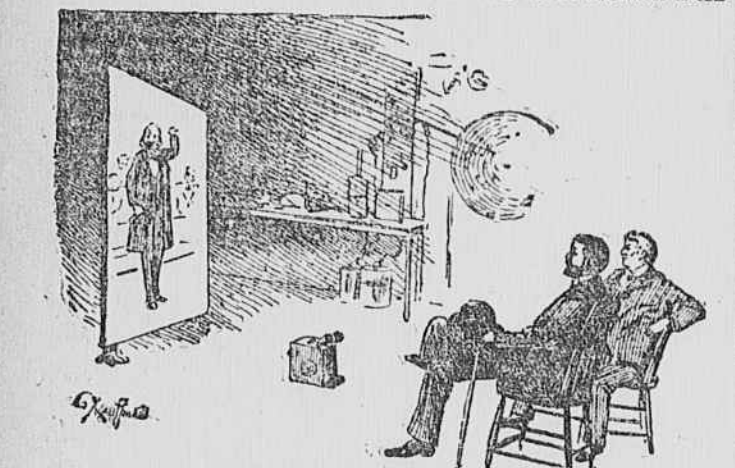
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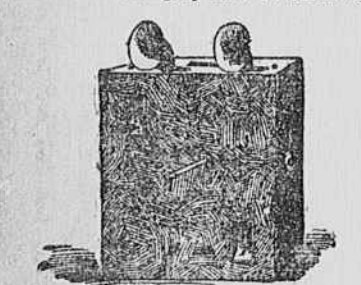


SEEING AND HEARING GLADSTONE.

ently, and then began to break up mountains.

Breaking up mountains is a very simple process. It is begun, of course, by pressing a button. A huge boulder is detached from the solid rock, carried on a movable sled as large as a barn, dropped upon a pair of huge iron wheels and shivered into cobblestones. The cobbles, while aloft in trays or troughs, come down dust, and the grains of iron they contain are picked out magnetically. A three-ton boulder is splintered into fine iron in three minutes, the refuse going into the dust hole.

Finally the great Edison appeared. He was terribly dirty. He looked, so far as attire is concerned, like a navvy. He was all grime and dust, but his face was that of a bright, blue-eyed youth, beautifully blue-eyed and smiling. Not until he took his vile, ash-covered hat off did the gray hair reveal that



THE KINETOGRAPH.

he was no longer young in years. His face was almost free from wrinkles.

"We are progressing, progressing," he said, when informed that his retreat had been invaded for the purpose of getting information concerning the latest and the greatest of his inventions, the one which is being eagerly awaited and which very few have had a chance to see. This is the combination of the phonograph with the kinetoscope, the contrivance to which Mr. Edison applied the term kinetograph on this occasion.

"The object of this machine," he said, "is to afford the spectator two inven-